

A Substitute for Tea.

There are now on the market as a substitute for tea the leaves of a plant Niebuhr described in 1775. The plant is Catha edulis, or Arabian tea, cultivated on the East African coast from Abyssinia to Natal, in the Nile Valley, and in Arabia. The leaves are called by the natives "kat."



A Story of Early Wedded Life

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER LXXVII—Continued.

"SAY, that father of yours is one good old scout for fair! I like him—like him fine," declared Jim as we walked along slowly. "But, honey-girl, please don't fuss over me so before him, or he'll think you married a husband out of a bargain basement rummage sale."

"I won't, dear," I promised happily. "But now that we're alone—yes up—want the first day pretty hard on you?"

Nervous a Wonder.

"Well, I hated the morning—and the desk where I spent it, all right. But Norreys is a wonder, and when he took me along to one of the woolen mills I sort of came to. Wish he could use me for buying, and get another chap for this blooming desk job. I don't like the confinement."

"But you do like the hundred a week, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, it'll do for the present. But, of course, it isn't big money, Anne. Might be some day, but you're a man real money," returned Jim carelessly.

"It's enough for me, dear. I think you've come back wonderfully."

"Well, I will—come back—all right, and before long I'll show my princess what money is. Well, here we are, child—and there's that little blue car waiting."

So we joined Father Andrew and Evvy, clinging to him for all the world like a daughter, and the four of us went into the Rochambeau.

As Phoebe held out her hands—both of them—with shy eagerness, father's eyes fixed themselves on her little hand where lay the circlet of diamonds he had given my mother. And then in puzzled wonder his eyes went from Evelyn to Phoebe.

Phoebe's father! Oh, I am so glad to meet you!" cried Phoebe, coloring as she spoke.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss," Father Andrew replied a little awkwardly.

I understand just how troubled this honest soul must be. Evvy had given him every reason to believe that she was Neal's sweetheart. So what was the other girl doing with the ring he had given Neal's mother?

Shy little Phoebe froze under his keen eyes. She had seen them rest on her ring. Undoubtedly Neal had told her that this was his mother's betrothal ring and in his father's coldness there was nothing for Phoebe to read but grave disapproval. As we went across the lobby to meet Virginia, Phoebe clinging to me—wordless, frightened, and Evvy stayed close at Father Andrew's side, fairly haunting her friendliness with him.

Virginia treated his father graciously enough, but to Evvy, Virginia was ice. What she thought of me for permitting this encounter could guess. Still, for the time, Father Andrew's geniality promised to thaw ice and freezing temperatures.

"Now let's get a fine table where we can see all the folks and show ourselves off to 'em, too," he said, heartily, with the truly American humor that pokes fun slyly at itself.

"Then we'll all be across the street, supper. I was telling you about, Miss Mason—oyster stew and cold boiled ham and greens and all the trimmings."

"Don't forget the apple sauce," laughed Evelyn impishly.

But when it came to the actual ordering of the dinner, father turned to Jim with the intuitive better than mere "manners."

"Son—you know what your sisters like. So you order the roast, and if you give me plenty of oysters and soup and chicken and vegetables, Miss Mason and I won't complain at all. But this is a hungry man's dinner and father's first party, so be real lavish."

Then, while Jim was busy with the dinner cards, father turned and spoke gently—almost pleadingly—"whether to Phoebe or Evvy I couldn't tell."

"I'd like to drink my boy's health."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

How Shall He Court Her?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

There is a young girl in my neighborhood of whom I am very fond. I am slightly in love with her, though we never make appointments.

Now, I am a high school student. She is seventeen and in business. I am slightly older than she. For the simple reason that she goes to business and is a bit older I hesitate to go out with her occasionally. I know her parent and they think very well of me. I realize I am very young, but in the little spare time that I possess I couldn't enjoy myself very much in her company. Would you advise me as to how I can make known my state of mind to her?

GRATEFUL.

There is no reason why you should be self-conscious about this small matter of age. If you feel that this girl and yourself could have a pleasant friendship, think of some excuse for consulting her, such as might be afforded by her work, and ask permission the next time you see her to come in and talk to her about it. That might be a little easier than to approach her formally, though I am sure she will welcome you in any case.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-two years old and about to get married. Everything is all right with me save my passion for gambling. I have tried to stop, but find it impossible. It is bringing me lots of trouble. I try to keep away, but something in my head keeps me playing.

ANXIOUS.

You must be your own best friend in a matter of this sort. No one else can really help you. If you truly love the girl you are to marry, and if you desire seriously enough to give up your bad habit, you can surely do so. It is half-wishes that do not bring fruit.

By Ann Lisle.

I take it you folks are all here, friends and wish him well. If there's any Neal has hurt—I hope they'll forgive him now—and join me in hoping my boy makes a fine soldier."

It was Virginia who replied—and graciously, too.

"Mr. Hyland, there's none of us who doesn't wish Neal the best of luck. There's some sweet cider here that would be splendid, if you'll let me suggest it."

"You do me proud, madame," replied Father Andrew with the fine, old-fashioned courtesy that makes me proud of him even when he's saving "saint" and using the wrong knife or fork. "And elder's the tippie I'm most at home with."

We drank the toast standing. As Phoebe lifted her glass the hand that bore the circlet shook, and the amber liquid spilled down the front of her pretty blue georgette dress. She lifted miserable eyes to Virginia and Virginia, leaning forward, her eyes anvilously, looked hard at Phoebe's hand. But she said nothing.

Evelyn's eyes followed Virginia's. I would have given a great deal to read the expression hidden behind her lowered lids.

A Sad Mistake.

After that the dinner progressed smoothly enough, until suddenly Father Andrew, leaning across the table, addressed Virginia, for whom he seemed to have a grave regard and respect. In each hand he held an implement of eating—a knife clutched in one, in the other a fork.

Virginia returned his regard pleasantly enough—but I wondered if she was too much of a snob to see how wonderfully fine and true my dear adopted father was.

"Mrs. Dalton, you've been living possible employer! Naturally, it is out of the question for me to recommend to possible employers women whose qualifications I know nothing of."

There is today an excellent source of help to those seeking a job—the United States Employment Service, which now has branches in every large city in the city Union. In addition, there are the newspaper columns which always contain advertisements for help.

But it is in the obtaining of unusual posts that women so often expect to be handed something attractive. When I write of executive jobs—like managing women, doing welfare work, etc.—there are invariably a number of women who write assuring me that they are just built for such a high-type job and will please give them the name and address of the firm who needs this help!

Generally they have no previous experience or training for the work, but are possessed of a sublime conviction that they are fitted for it. Like the boy who was asked to play the violin and said he'd never done it, but could try!

These unusual jobs require, first, training, if previous experience is lacking. Then you can ascertain a source of employment from such agencies as Government bureaus, intercollegiate employment bureaus, local advertisements, or you can adopt the more lengthy, but possibly creative, method of investigating all the big concerns in your locality to see where unusual service is required.

Any business question—except the names of employers or an anonymous query—I shall try to answer for any reader.

Smart Skating Costumes

By Rita Stuyvesant.

WHEN the thermometer drops below zero the lakes and skating ponds are crowded with bright-eyed boys and girls, all enjoying the great outdoor sport. And of all the sports in winter what is more healthful than skating? But to get the full benefit from the exercise one must be comfortably dressed.

The ideal costume must be warm yet lightweight and should allow plenty of freedom of motion. Many practical models of this kind are shown this winter for skating. A splendid suit for outdoors is one of tweed, simply made and without pleats, which require constant attention to look well. The Scotch mixtures with a pebbly surface show a pleasant intermingling of colors and have excellent wearing qualities.

Skirts featuring the slim silhouette are fashion's latest fads, but to be practical for skating they may be buttoned either at the sides or directly down the back. Three or four buttons may be left unfastened to insure freedom of motion.

Tweed jackets in the popular military style look well with this skirt. Two patch pockets above the belt and two below give a jaunty look to this sport coat and remind one of the smart costume worn by the Woman's Motor Corps.

Knitted woolen cards and caps find a warm welcome for outdoor wear and lend a smart touch to a conservative tweed suit. The new colors for these include ivory, velour, pom-pom, burella cloth and chevot. One good-looking model, embodying the latest lines, was made with a box coat. These new coats are rapidly gaining favor with fastidious women, perhaps because of their unusual style. Fitting close up against the throat they fall away from the figure to lip length and open over a gay-colored vest.

By Ann Lisle.

here quite a while, I take it—think I'd like it for a few days?" Father Andrew asked. "Think an old countryman would be in place here?"

"Nonsense, father," Jim forestalled Virginia's reply. "You're coming to us. There's Neal's empty bed—just crying to you to occupy it."

"No, I ain't, Jim. Birds in their nests don't want any foreign fowl roosting with them. You're married, too, Mrs. Dalton—now you realize that young beginners don't do well to take in too many guests—even the in-laws. If you and your husband had started that way you'd be come a cropper sure—wouldn't you?"

Virginia's face paled.

"I sometimes think Jim and Anne have too many in-laws, as you call them," she said smoothly. "I'm sure you can get room here. And to save us both the embarrassment of hearing him mentioned again, please let me inform you that my husband and I—did—come—a cropper. Now—if you'll excuse me—I've an important theater engagement, and I'll have to run home."

They said their brief good-bys. Then Jim rose to escort them to their taxi, and as Father Andrew gazed after their retreating figures he muttered sadly:

"Barbara-Anne, I'm afraid you've got too many folks for your in-laws all right. And I'm not so sure I've done you any good with your husband's family."

"Anybody who knew gold from tinsel would value you, Father Andrew, dear," I declared.

Then Evvy, leaning up close to him, put in innocently:

(To Be Continued.)

For the Business Woman

By ELEANOR GILBERT

SO many miscellaneous questions come to me impossible to answer publicly that perhaps it would be helpful to some readers to be informed of the scope of this column. Questions on all sorts of subjects come to me—from demands for a new job to pathetic pleas for advice on matrimonial problems. And, of course, criticisms about without exception come slyly cloaked in anonymity!

Now, I am always glad to answer any question aroused by an article, or any criticism, provided the letter bears a signature and address.

Any question relating to business will be answered. If I am not in possession of the information you desire, it is usually possible to supply a source from which you can obtain the facts. Questions concerning business procedure, schools, courses, books, business machines, business women's clubs and organizations can be answered through this column generally, or otherwise direct by mail.

I am amazed to discover very often that some women, intensely concentrating on their work, are unfamiliar with the many advantages which are open to them right in their own city—through a local club, special courses, etc., and it is a delight to be able to give the helpful facts.

Finally, let me say that this is not a "Help Wanted" column. Almost always when an article appears on the subject of some new type of work for business women, there is a flood of inquiry. I shall try to answer for any reader.

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A suit of velours du laine in a rich prairie shade had a vest of biscuit colored broadcloth set in the front and fastened with tiny brass buttons. The neck and sleeves were fur trimmed to insure warmth and there was a smart cap to match the suit.

Great Value of Milk.

By Brice Belden, M. D.

MILK is a universal food. It is the sole food of millions of babies, the chief food of children, and an essential adjunct food of adults. In certain diseases it is an indispensable nutrient.

The per capita consumption of milk is not less than twenty-five gallons a year, excluding the farming and dairy population.

A good milk supply is of paramount importance to public health. Bacterial contamination of milk must be especially guarded against, because it is an animal secretion, and therefore a favorable medium for the growth of germs. It must be produced, transported and kept under certain conditions in order to insure its purity.

Our high infant mortality is due to intestinal troubles in the main, and intestinal troubles are generally due to impure food. It is impure milk that is chiefly responsible for our high infant mortality, because it is the chief food of babies.

At least one-third of the babies that die succumb to intestinal diseases.

Cases can reduce our infant mortality enormously by insuring a pure milk supply.

Diseases transmitted by milk contaminated by germs comprise typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, dysentery, foot-and-mouth disease, septic sore throat, and a number of less important or less frequent infections. Intestinal

diseases are frequently precipitated by toxins produced in deteriorated milk.

Pure milk production involves scrupulous care of the milk-giving animal, of the dairy farm, and of the milk utensils, as well as the use of pure water for cleaning purposes, and the regulation of the personal hygiene of individuals handling the milk.

A Dainty Afternoon Frock

Crepe is more or less a favored material for the smart and up-to-date afternoon frock.



and here is shown a most attractive model in pink georgette crepe beaded in a most pleasing way in coral.

by Underwood & Underwood

Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties, Slipped on the Icy Pavement Last Week and Well Nigh Ruined Jason Sim's New Front Fence.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the suicide in 1889 of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria at Meyerling, a shooting lodge. Marie Veisera, a beautiful girl, was found dead with him. The reason for the suicide has been an historical mystery, and volumes have been written about it.

The Club-Footed Man

NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS

Their Task Accomplished Desmond Is Promoted While Francis and Monica Honeymoon on the Riviera.

"The Kaiser is a man of moods. He sat down and penned this letter in a fit of despondency and indecision, when the vision of Peace seemed fairer to him than the spectre of War. God knows what violent emotion impelled him to write this extraordinary appeal to his English friends, an appeal which if published, would convict him of the deepest treachery to his ally, but he wrote the letter and forthwith dispatched it to London. He did not make use of the regular courier: he sent the letter by a man of his own choosing, who had special instructions to hand the letter in person to Prince Lichnowski, the German ambassador."

Lichnowski was to deliver the missive personally to its destined recipient.

"Almost as soon as the letter was away, the Kaiser seems to have repented of his action. Attempts to stop the messenger before he reached the coast, appear to have failed. At any rate, we know that all through July 31 and August 1 Lichnowski, in London, was bombarded with dispatches ordering him to send the messenger with the letter back to Berlin as soon as he reached the embassy."

"The courier never got as far as Carlton House Terrace. Someone in the War party at the Court of Berlin got wind of the fatal letter and sent word to someone in the German embassy in London—the Prussian jingoes were well represented there by Kuhlmann and others of his ilk—to intercept the letter."

"The letter was intercepted. How it was done and by whom we have never found out, but Lichnowski never saw that letter. Nor did the courier leave London. With the Imperial letter still in possession, apparently, he went to a house at Dainton, where he was arrested on the day after we declared war on Germany."

"This courier went by the name of Schulte. We did not know him at the time he was traveling on the Emperor's business, but we knew him very well as one of the most daring and successful spies that Germany had ever employed in this country. One of our people picked him up quite by chance on his arrival in London, and shadowed him to Dainton, where he was promptly laid him by the heels when the war broke out."

"Schulte was interned. You have heard how one of his letters, stopped by the camp censor, set off the track of the intercepted letter, and you know the steps we took to obtain possession of the document. But we were misled by the treachery of a man in whom he confided, the interpreter at the internment camp."

"To this man Schulte entrusted the famous letter, telling him to send it by an underground route to a certain address at Cleves, and promising him in return a commission of 25 per cent on the price to be paid for the letter. The interpreter took the letter, but did not do as he was bid. On the contrary, he wrote to the go-between, with whom Schulte had been in correspondence (probably Clubfoot), and announced that he knew where the letter was and was prepared to sell it, only the purchaser would have to come to England and fetch it."

"Well, to make a long story short, the interpreter made a deal with the Hun, and this Dr. Semlin was sent to England from Washington, where he had been working for Bernstorff, to fetch the letter at the address in London indicated by the interpreter. In the meantime, we had to wait for the interpreter, who, like Schulte, had been in the espionage business all his life, and he was arrested."

"We know what Semlin found when he reached London. The worthy interpreter had sliced the letter in two, so as to make sure of his money, meaning, no doubt, to hand over the other portion as soon as the price had been paid. But by the time Semlin got to London the interpreter was judged and Semlin had to report that he had only got half the letter. The rest, he said, he had given to the Hun."

"How Grundt was sent for, how he came to this country and retrieved the other portion. Don't ask me how he set about it. I don't know, and we never found out even where the interpreter deposited the second half or how Grundt discovered its hiding place. But he executed his mission, and got clear away with the goods. The rest of the tale you know better than I do."

"But Clubfoot," I asked, "who is he?"

"There are many who have asked that question," Red Tabs replied gravely, "and some have not waited long for their answer. The man was known by name and reputation yet I doubt if any man of his time wielded greater power in secret than he. Officially, he was nothing, he didn't eat, he didn't drink, he watched and plotted and spied for his master, the tool of the Imperialists as he was the instrument of the Imperial vengeance."

"No one may catalogue," he said, "the crimes that Clubfoot committed, the infamies he had to his account. Not even the Kaiser himself, I do not know the manner in which his orders to this blackguard were executed—orders rapped out often enough, I swear, in a fit of petulance, and of passion, and of sudden disappearance, of violent deaths. When you and your brother put it across 'der Stelze,' Okewood, you settled long outstanding accounts we had against him, but you also rendered

his fellow Hun a signal service."

"I thought of the comments I had heard on Clubfoot among the customers at Haase's, and I felt that Red Tabs had hit the right nail on the head."

"By the way," said Red Tabs, as I rose to go, "would you care to see Clubfoot's epitaph? I kept it for you."

He handed me a German newspaper—the Berliner Tageblatt. I think it was—with a paragraph marked in red pencil. I read:

"We regret to report the sudden death from apoplexy of Dr. Adolf Grundt, an inspector of secondary schools. The deceased was closely connected for many years with a number of charitable institutions, enjoying the patronage of the Emperor. His Majesty frequently consulted Dr. Grundt regarding the distribution of the sums allocated annually from the privy purse for benevolent objects."

"Pretty fair specimen of Prussian cynicism!" laughed Red Tabs. "I held my head. The game was too deep for me."

Every week a hamper of good things is dispatched to 3143 Sapper Ebenezer Maggs, British Prisoner of War, Gefangenen-Lager, Friedrichshagen, near Berlin. He has been in communication with his people, and since his flight from the camp they have not had a line from him. They will let me know at once if they hear of him, am restless and anxious about him.

I dare not write lest I compromise him: I dare not make official enquiry as to his safety for the same reason. If he survives those shots in the dark, he is certainly undergoing punishment, and in that case he would be deprived of the privilege of writing or receiving letters."

But the weeks slip by and no message comes to me from Chetown Mendip. Almost daily I wonder if the gallant had survived that night of his escape from the internment camp, or whether, out of the darkness of the forest, his brave soul soared free, achieving its final release from the sufferings of this world.

"Poor Sapper Maggs!"

Francis and Monica are honeymooning on the Riviera. Gerry, I am sure, would have refused to attend the wedding, only he wasn't asked. Francis is getting a billet on the Intelligence unit in France when his leave is up.

I have just, as I step, antedated back to the day I went into Germany. Francis has been told that something is coming to him and me in the New Year's Honors.

"I am going back to the front on Christmas Eve," THE END.

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